



# ALIEN 3™

#3 (of 3)  
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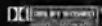


GRANT • TAYLOR • MAGYAR

# ALIEN 3™

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TWENTIETH CENTURY FOX Presents A BRANDYWINE Production SIGOURNEY WEAVER "ALIEN 3"  
CHARLES S. DUTTON CHARLES DANCE and LANCE HENRIKSEN Music by ELIOT GOLDENTHAL Alien Effects by ALIC GILLIS and TOM WOODHUFF, JR.  
Edited by TERRY RAWLINGS Production Designer NORMAN REYNOLDS Director of Photography ALEX THOMSON, B.S.C. Executive Producer EZRA SWERDLOW  
Based on Characters Created by DAN O'BANNON and RONALD SHUSETT Story by VINCENT WARD Screenplay by DAVID GILER & WALTER HILL and LARRY FERGUSON  
Produced by GORDON CARROLL, DAVID GILER and WALTER HILL Directed by DAVID FINCHER



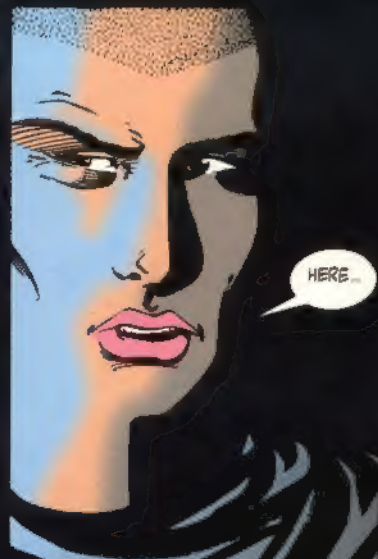
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PRINTED IN CANADA

FURY 161 -  
CLASS C -  
PRISON UNIT -  
12037154 -  
REPORT DEATH  
OF SUPT.  
ANDREWS,  
MEDICAL  
OFFICER  
CLEMENS,  
EIGHT  
PRISONERS -



HAVE TRAPPED  
XENOMORPH.  
REQUEST  
PERMISSION TO  
TERMINATE -



TO: FURY 161 -  
CLASS C -  
PRISON UNIT -  
1237154 - FROM  
NETWORK COMCON  
01500 -  
WEYLAND -  
YUTANI -  
MESSAGE  
RECEIVED -

SEEMS THAT'S ALL THEY  
EVER TELL US. TREAT  
US LIKE SHIT.



RESCUE UNIT  
TO ARRIVE AT  
1200 HOURS -  
PERMISSION  
DENIED TO  
TERMINATE  
XENOMORPH -  
REPEAT -  
PERMISSION  
DENIED -  
AVOID CONTACT  
UNTIL RESCUE  
TEAM ARRIVES -





OKAY. OFF  
AND ON. I GOTTA  
GET IN THERE.

WHAT  
THE HELL YOU  
TALKIN' ABOUT,  
GOLIC?



I JUST  
NEED TO SEE  
THE BEAST. WE  
GOT A LOT TO  
TALK OVER.

DICKHEAD!  
BIG MOTHER'LL EAT  
YOU ALIVE! PLUS,  
YOU LET THAT OUT,  
KISS YOUR ASS  
GOODBYE.



THEY DON'T  
WANT TO KILL IT.  
WE'VE GOT TO  
FIGURE OUT  
SOME WAY TO  
FINISH IT OFF  
BEFORE THEY  
GET HERE.



WHY 2 THEY'RE  
GOING TO TAKE  
IT BACK.



THAT'S RIGHT.  
THEY'RE GOING  
TO TAKE IT  
BACK.

WHAT'S  
WRONG WITH  
THAT?



THEY DON'T  
UNDERSTAND.  
THEY CAN'T CONTROL IT.  
IT'LL KILL THEM ALL.



LIKE I SAID,  
WHAT'S WRONG  
WITH THAT?

HEY!  
DILLON!



WE GOT A  
VERY LARGE  
PROBLEM!



THIS CUTS  
IT. MISERABLE  
CRAZY SON OF  
A BITCH LET IT  
LOOSE.

GOT WHAT HE  
DESERVED,  
BY GOD.



ANDREWS WAS RIGHT  
--SHOULD'VE KEPT THE  
SHITHEAD CHAINED  
UP.



RIPLEY!



FISS ON HER! THE THING'S  
LOOSE OUT THERE! NOW  
WHAT'RE WE GONNA DO?



YOU'RE THE DUMB IDIOT  
THAT LET GOLIIC GO! YOU  
MISERABLE LITTLE  
SHIT!

CUT  
THAT SHIT  
OUT--



THEN TELL  
YOUR BOZO TO  
SHAPE UP!  
ALL THIS IS HIS  
FAULT!

LIEUTENANT?  
YOU DON'T LOOK  
SO GOOD.

WHO  
GIVES A  
SHIT! WHAT  
ARE WE  
GONNA  
DO?

SHUT UP  
AND QUIT  
CAUSING  
PANIC.

PANIC? YOU'RE  
SO GODDAMN DUMB! WE  
DUGHT TO PANIC! WE'RE  
SCREWED!



BOTH  
OF YOU,  
SHUT  
UP!



OKAY, I'M OUT OF  
IDEAS. WHAT DO WE  
DO?



THE  
BEACH?



IT'S FORTY BELOW  
ZERO OUT THERE UNTIL  
THE SUN COMES UP--  
NEXT WEEK. THE  
RESCUE TEAM'S  
TEN HOURS AWAY.



WONDERFUL.  
SO YOU JUST  
WANT US TO STAY  
HERE AND LET  
THIS GODDAMN  
BEAST EAT  
US FOR  
LUNCH.

GET TOGETHER  
EVERYBODY THAT'S  
STILL LEFT. GET 'EM  
TO THE CELL  
BLOCK.

HEY!  
WHERE'D  
SHE  
GO?



GIVE US STRENGTH, O LORD, TO ENDURE.



UNTIL THE DAY, AMEN.

AMEN!

RIGHT NOW, THERE AIN'T ANY REAL SAFE PLACE.

I SAY WE STAY HERE IN THE CELL BLOCK, THERE'S NO OVERHEAD VENT SHAFTS.

IT COMES, IT'S GOTTA COME THROUGH THE DOOR. WE'LL POST A GUARD IN ANY CASE, LAY LOW.



MOST OF YOU GOT BLADES STASHED. GET 'EM.



RIGHT, WE'RE GONNA STAB THAT MOTHER TO DEATH.



MAYBE YOU CAN HURT IT WHILE YOU'RE CHECKIN' OUT. IT'S SOMETHING. GOT ANY BETTER IDEAS?



I'M TELLIN' YOU, UNTIL THAT RESCUE TEAM GETS HERE, WE'RE IN THE SHIT. GET PREPARED.

I AIN'T STAYIN' HERE. YOU CAN BET ON IT.

SUIT YOURSELF.



THERE YOU ARE, OKAY, WHAT DO YOU WANT TO SEND?



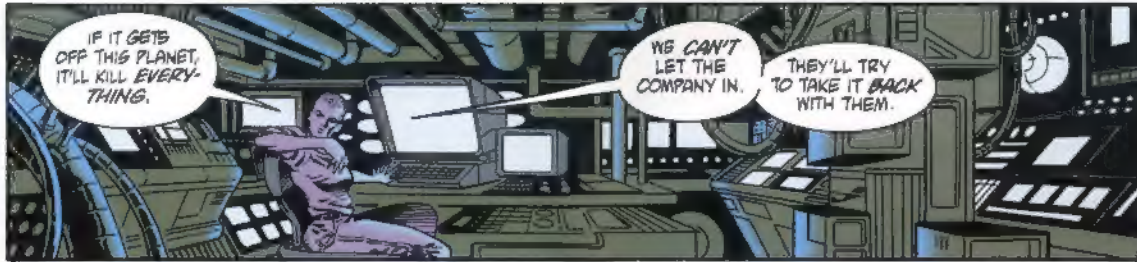
I WANT TO TELL THEM THIS WHOLE PLACE HAS GONE TOXIC.

ARE YOU KIDDIN'?!?





THEN THEY  
WON'T COME HERE.  
THE RESCUE TEAM'LL  
TURN BACK.



IF IT GETS  
OFF THIS PLANET,  
IT'LL KILL EVERY-  
THING.

WE CAN'T  
LET THE  
COMPANY IN.

THEY'LL TRY  
TO TAKE IT BACK  
WITH THEM.



SCREW  
YOU. I GOT  
A WIFE AND  
KID.

I GO BACK  
ON THE NEXT  
ROTATION.

I WANT  
TO GET  
RESCUED.



LOOK, IT'S GOT  
TO BE DONE! GIVE  
IT TO ME!

NO WAY  
YOU GET THE  
TRANSMIT  
CODE!



GOT ANY  
OTHER  
IDEAS?



I'M GOING TO  
FIND IT. I'VE GOT  
A PRETTY GOOD  
IDEA WHERE IT IS  
—JUST UP THERE  
IN THE  
ATTIC.

WE HAVEN'T  
GOT AN  
ATTIC.

IT'S A  
METAPHOR.



WANT TO  
COME?



COME  
ON! I  
KNOW  
YOU'RE  
HERE!



THIS IS  
SIMPLE.  
JUST DO  
WHAT YOU  
DO.



SNIT

SHIT.



YOU  
BASTARD.



ARRREEEE!

COME ON,  
KILL ME!

SWAK!

KILL ME.

BASTARD!



I SAW IT AN HOUR AGO. I SHOULD'VE BEEN LUNCH, BUT IT WOULDN'T TOUCH ME. IT RAN AWAY.

IT WON'T KILL ITS FUTURE.

HOW DO YOU KNOW THIS THING'S INSIDE YOU?



CAT SCAN. IT'S A QUEEN. AN EGG-LAYER. IT CAN MAKE THOUSANDS LIKE THIS ONE...

WHEN I WAS IN HYPERSPACE, I GOT RAPED. I GOT TO BE MOTHER OF THE MOTHER OF THE APOCALYPSE...



YOU'VE GOT TO KILL ME.

WHAT'RE YOU TALKIN' ABOUT?

I'M DEAD ANYWAY, THE MOMENT IT'S BORN. IT CAN WIPE OUT THE WHOLE UNIVERSE. IT'S GOT TO DIE, SO SOMEONE'S GOT TO KILL ME.



YOU TOLD ME YOU WERE A KILLER. DO IT. JUST DO IT.



NO!

KRAAANG



AS LONG AS IT'S ALIVE, YOU'RE NOT SAVING ANY UNIVERSE.

IF IT NON'T KILL YOU, THEN MAYBE THAT HELPS US FIGHT IT.



OKAY. WE KNOCK ITS ASS OFF.

THEN YOU KILL ME.



HOLD IT THERE'S A  
RESCUE TEAM ON THE  
WAY WHY DON'T WE JUST  
SIT IT OUT?

RESCUE  
TEAM FOR  
WHO?

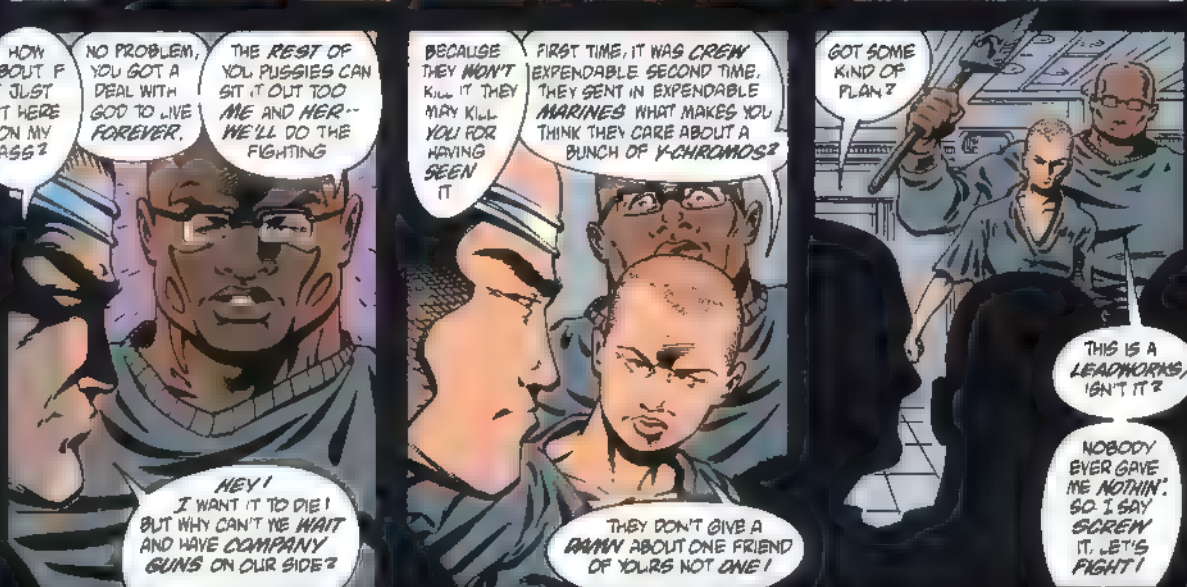
ALL THEY  
WANT'S THE  
BEAST.  
YOU KNOW  
THAT.



THAT DON'T MEAN  
WE SHOULD GO  
OUT AND FIGHT  
IT! JESUS CHRIST  
GIVE ME A  
BREAK!

YOU KEEP TELLING ME  
HOW DUMB I AM BUT  
I'M SMART ENOUGH TO  
WAIT FOR SOME FIRE  
POWER TO SHOW UP  
BEFORE WE FIGHT  
THAT THING!

OKAY YOU JUST  
SIT HERE ON YOUR  
ASS FINE



HOW  
ABOUT F  
I JUST  
SIT HERE  
ON MY  
ASS?

NO PROBLEM,  
YOU GOT A  
DEAL WITH  
GOD TO LIVE  
FOREVER.

THE REST OF  
YOU PUSSIES CAN  
SIT IT OUT TOO  
ME AND HER--  
WE'LL DO THE  
FIGHTING

BECAUSE  
THEY WON'T  
KILL IT THEY  
MAY KILL  
YOU FOR  
HAVING  
SEEN  
IT

FIRST TIME, IT WAS CREW  
EXPENDABLE SECOND TIME,  
THEY SENT IN EXPENDABLE  
MARINES WHAT MAKES YOU  
THINK THEY CARE ABOUT A  
BUNCH OF Y-CHROMOS?

GOT SOME  
KIND OF  
PLAN?

HEY!  
I WANT IT TO DIE!  
BUT WHY CAN'T WE WAIT  
AND HAVE COMPANY  
GUNS ON OUR SIDE?

THEY DON'T GIVE A  
FUCK ABOUT ONE FRIEND  
OF YOURS NOT ONE!

THIS IS A  
LEADWORKS,  
ISN'T IT?

NOBODY  
EVER GAVE  
ME NOTHIN'.  
SO I SAY  
SCREW  
IT, LET'S  
FIGHT!



SURE THE  
PISTON'S  
WORKING?

WE FIRED  
IT UP FIVE,  
SIX YEARS  
AGO

NOTHIN'S  
FOR SURE.  
INCLUDING  
YOU.

REMEMBER,  
WE TRAP IT HERE  
FIRST

WE PULL  
THAT LEVER.  
END OF HIS  
ASS. END OF  
STORY.

IF SOMEONE  
SCREWS UP?

THEN WE'RE  
SCREWED

YOU GOT ONE CHANCE ONE SHOT, THAT'S ALL YOU'LL NEVER HAVE TIME TO RESET IT

I'LL DO IT YOU GUYS DON'T DROP THE BALL, I WON'T

SISTER, YOU BETTER BE RIGHT ABOUT THAT THING NOT WANTING YOU, CAUSE IF IT WANTS OUT, IT GOES THROUGH YOU

REMEMBER WHEN YOU PULL THAT LEVER FOR A FEW SECONDS YOU'RE TRAPPED HERE WITH THAT THING

WHERE'LL YOU BE?

AROUND THE OTHERS?

LET'S LUNCH THIS THING!

PRAYING

HEY GUYS... I HOLD IT HOLD IT! I DON'T KNOW ABOUT THIS SHIT MAYBE WE SHOULD RE THINK THIS!

I MEAN--MY DOOR AIN'T WORKIN! GUYS--?

SHEEEK

WHY YOU HEAR SOME-THING? I HEARD MORSE! SOUNDED KINDA

AAAA

YOU SONUVABITCH! COME AND GET ME!

AAAAAAAAA!

CHUNK!

WHAM

DOOR C-8--CLOSED!

CRASH



HEY BUTTFACE! TAKE YOUR BEST SHOT!



YAAAH!

OVER IN THE EAST WING - DOOR B7 - SAFE!

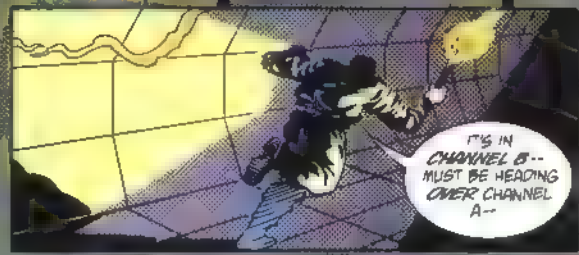


KRASH!

GAAAAH!



IT'S STARTED



IT'S IN CHANNEL B-- MUST BE HEADING OVER CHANNEL A--

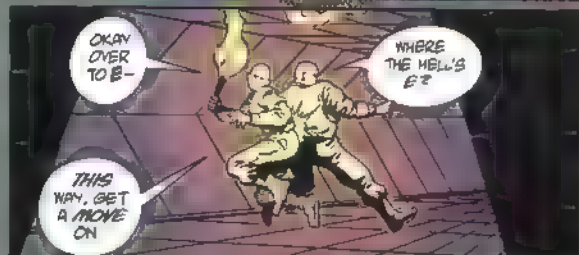


DID HE SAY B?

NO. E

WE'RE SUPPOSED TO STAY--

MOVE YOUR ASS!



OKAY OVER TO B--

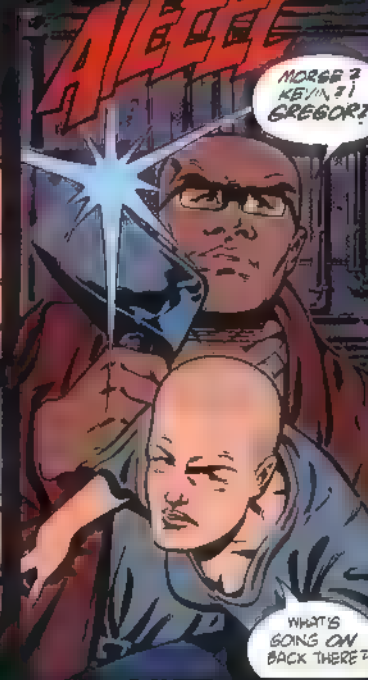
WHERE THE HELL'S E?

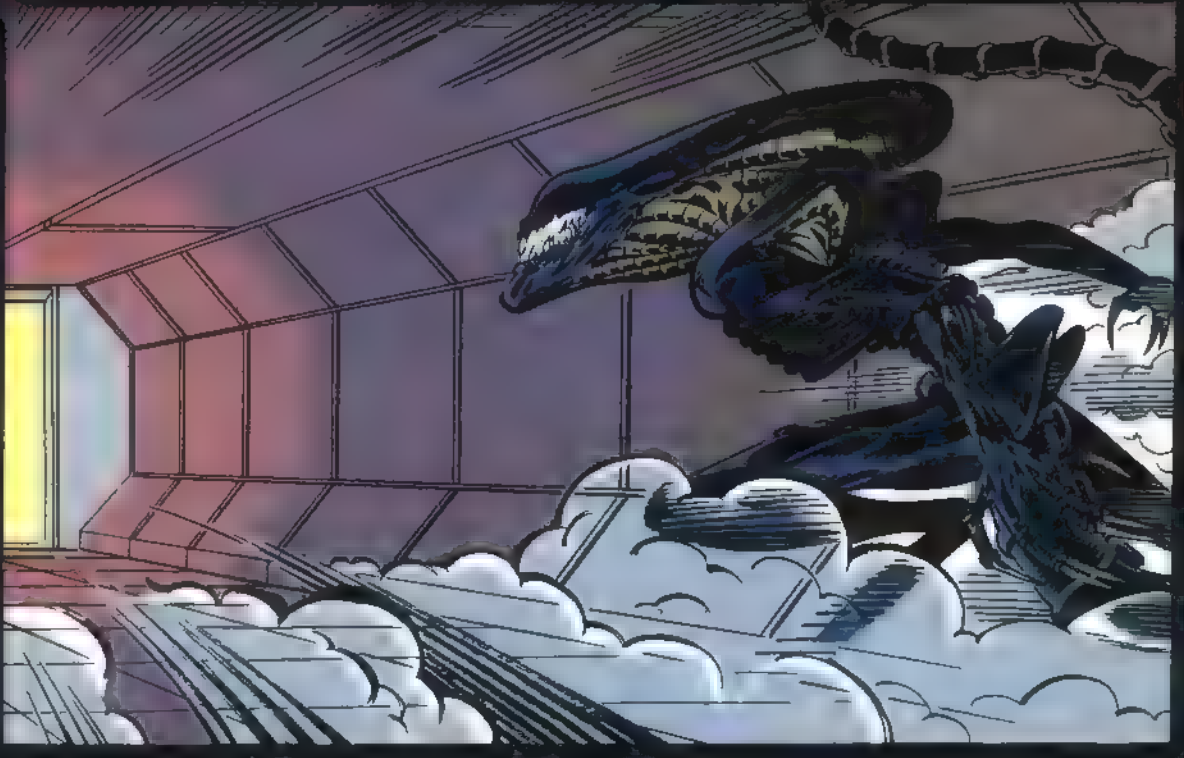
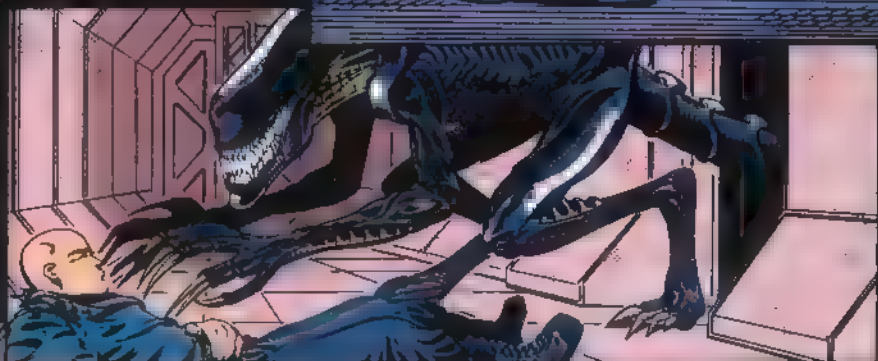
THIS WAY, GET A MOVE ON



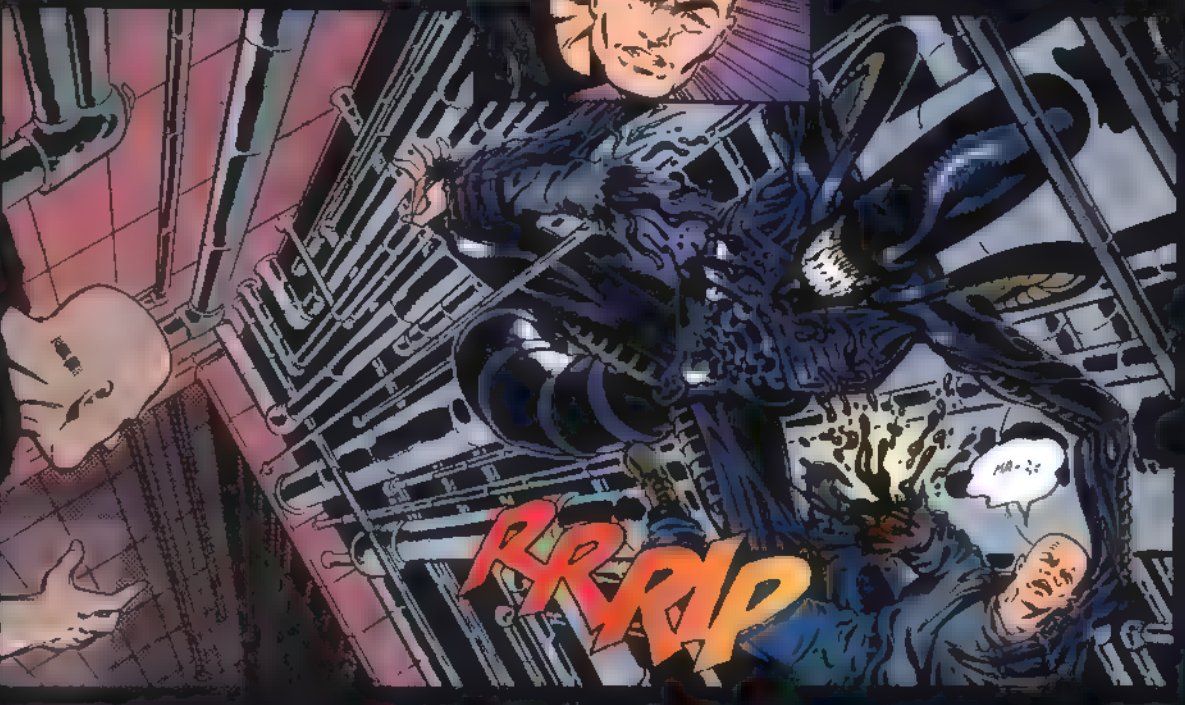
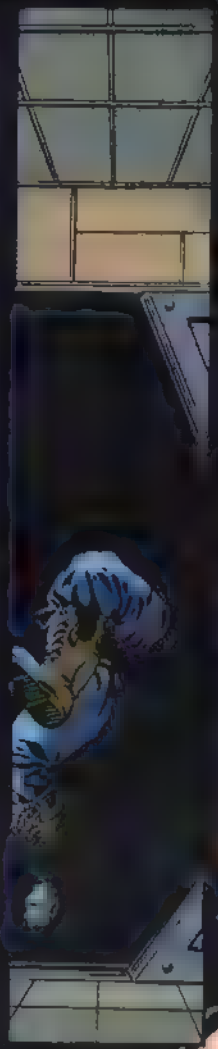
WHERE'S HE GOING? WHY DON'T THEY STICK TO THE PLAN?

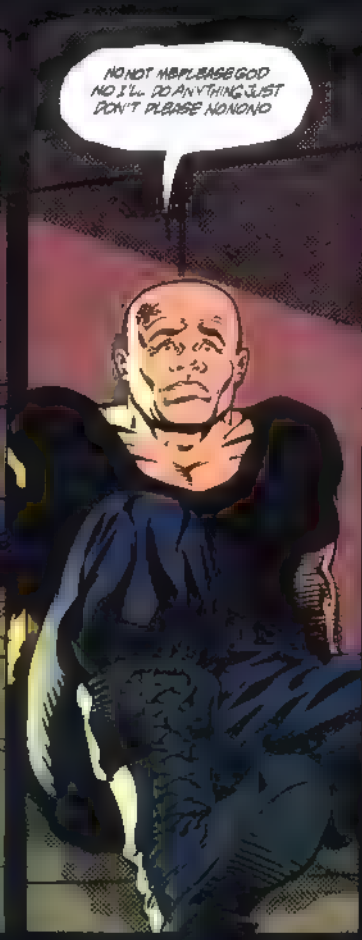
YOU'RE IMMUNE THEY'RE NOT THEY'RE IMPROVISING













COME ON.  
I GOT WHAT  
YOU WANT

FOLLOW  
ME--I WANT TO  
SHOW YOU  
SOMETHING

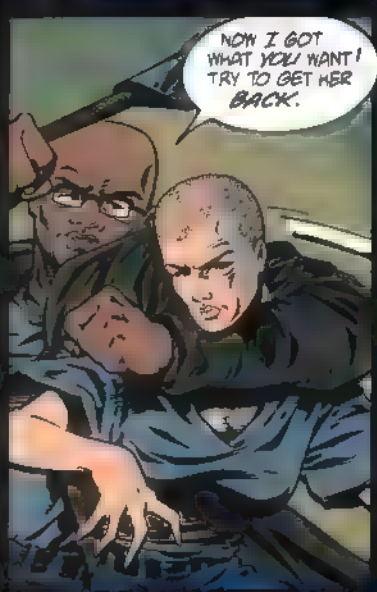


RIPLEY--

WILLON GET  
BACK! IT'LL  
KILL YOU IT  
WANTS ME  
ALIVE



RIGHT  
RIGHT!



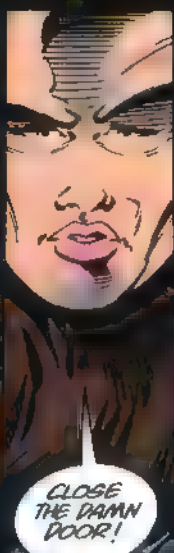
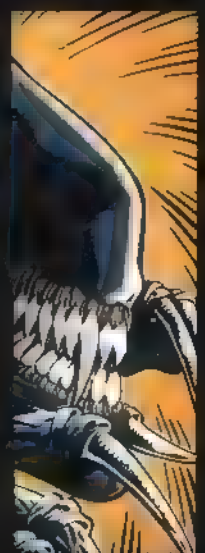
NOW I GOT  
WHAT YOU WANT!  
TRY TO GET HER  
BACK.



N  
HERE!



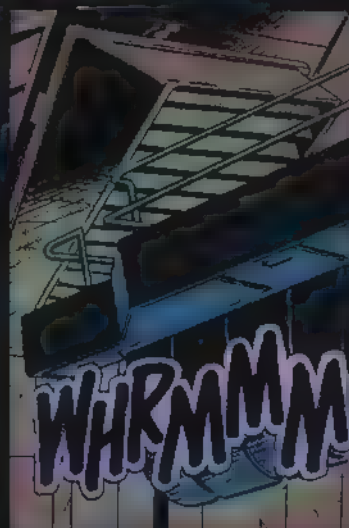
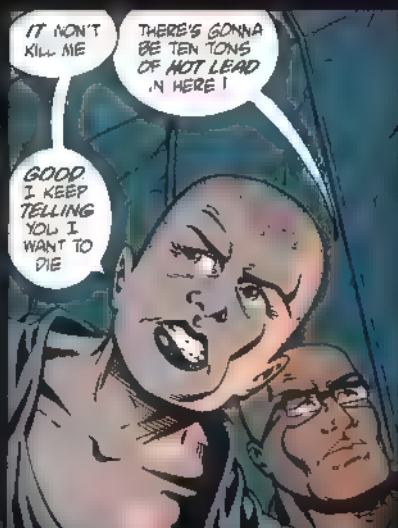
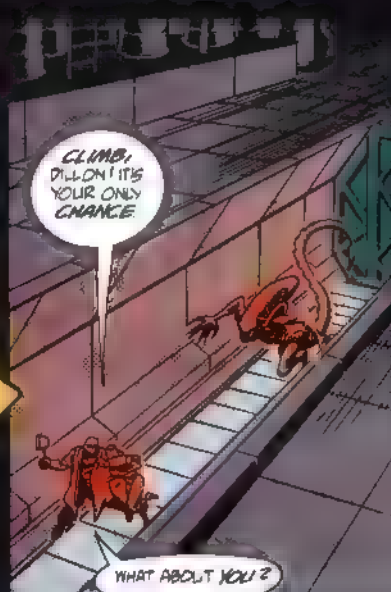
GET OUT!  
GET OUT  
NOW!

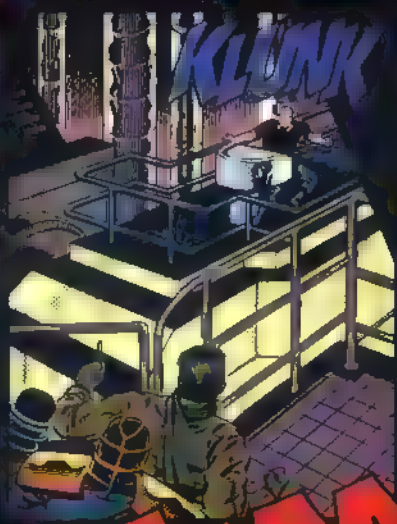
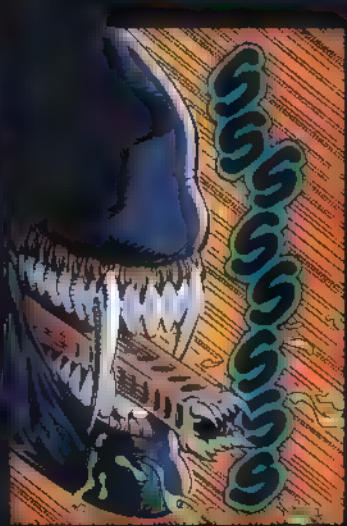


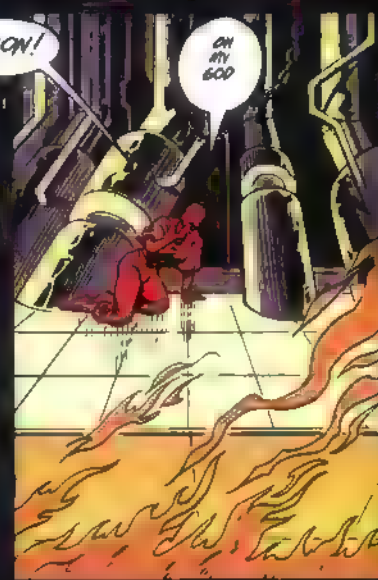
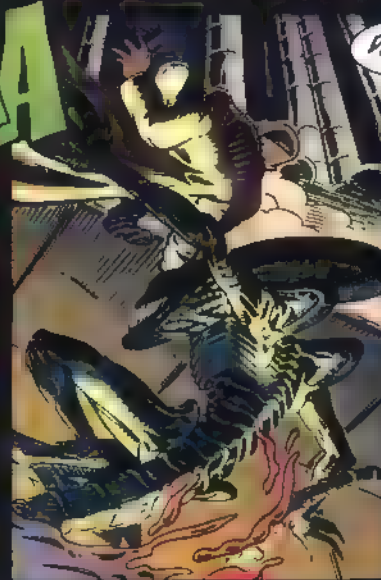
CLOSE  
THE DAMN  
DOOR!

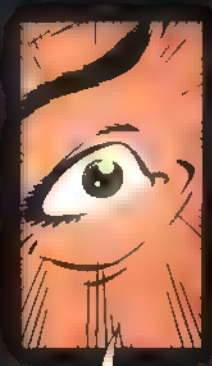


KRAK

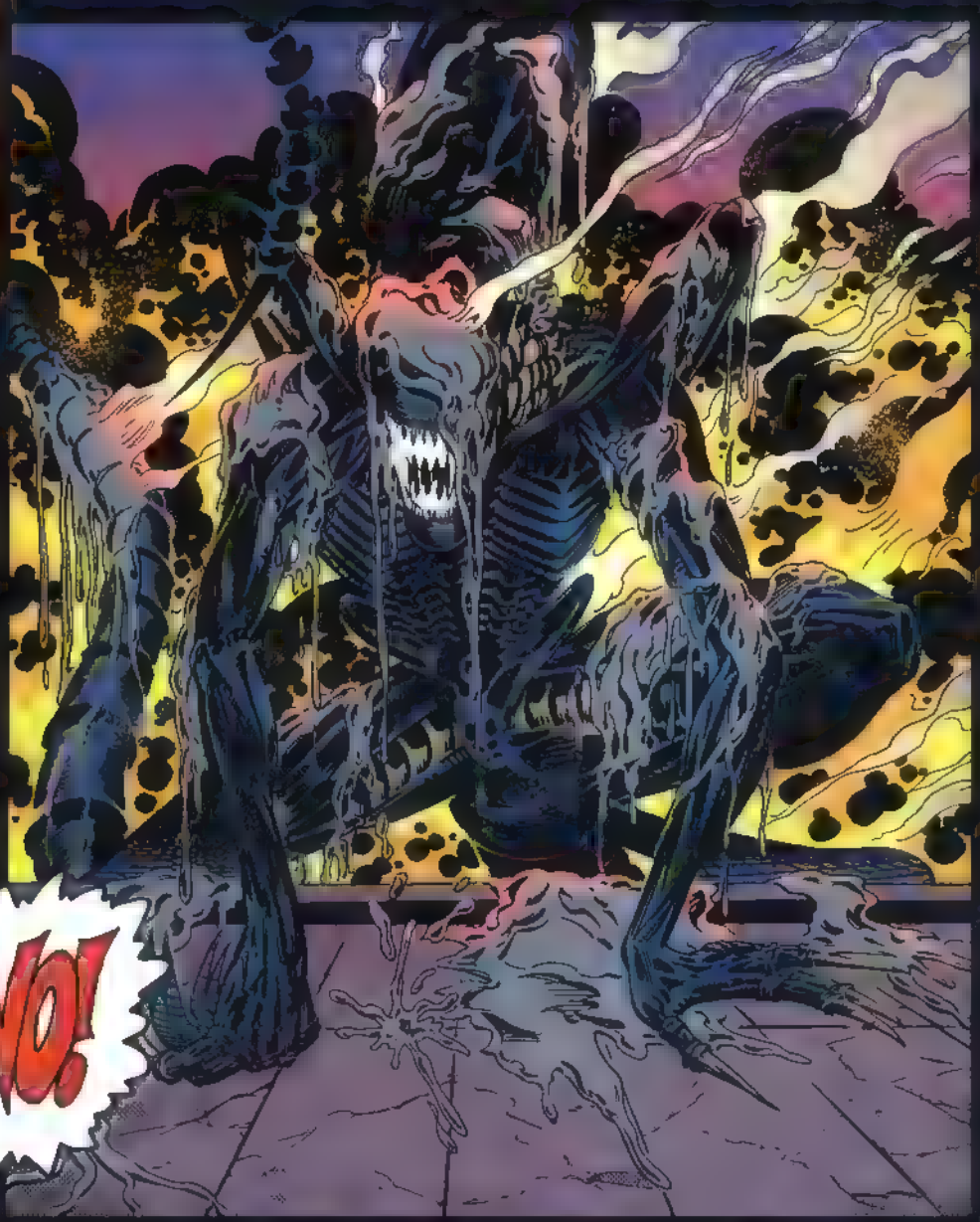








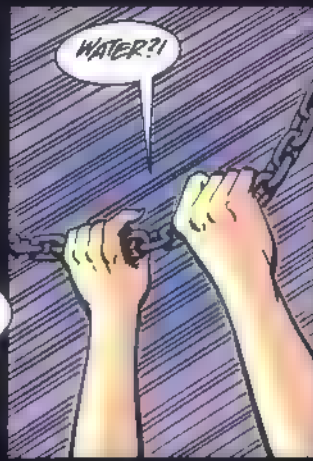
No!



No!



RIPLEY--  
THE SPRINKLERS!  
IT'S HOT!



WATER?!



WOOSH!

ICE  
WATER!

THWIT!

BOOM



NO. WE WANT TO TAKE YOU HOME. WE DON'T CARE WHAT HAPPENS TO IT.

WE REALIZE NOW— YOU'RE RIGHT. BUT TIME IS IMPORTANT. LET US DEAL WITH THE MALIGNANCY.

IT'S VERY QUICK.

PAINLESS. A COUPLE OF INCISIONS. YOU'LL BE OUT FOR TWO HOURS.



WHAT GUARANTEE DO I HAVE THAT ONCE YOU'VE TAKEN THIS THING OUT YOU'LL DESTROY IT?



YOU'RE JUST GOING TO HAVE TO TRUST ME.



MORSE! HIT IT!



RRRRRRRR



STOP HIM!



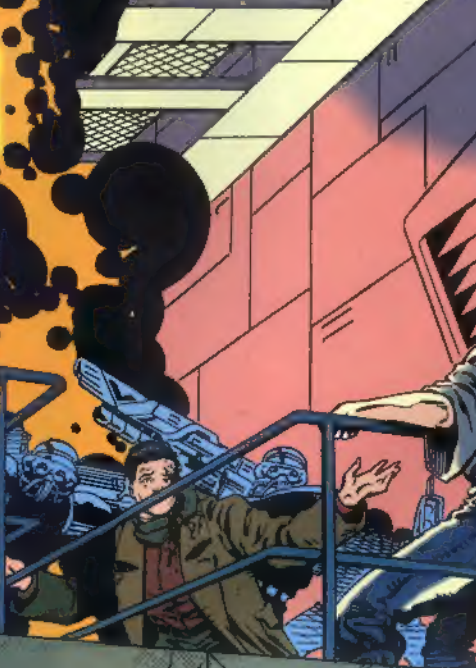
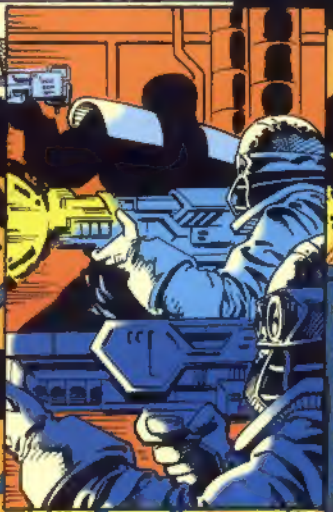
YOU DAMN DROID--!



ARRGHH!

I AM NOT A DROIDDD!!!

WAK!



IT'S NOT!

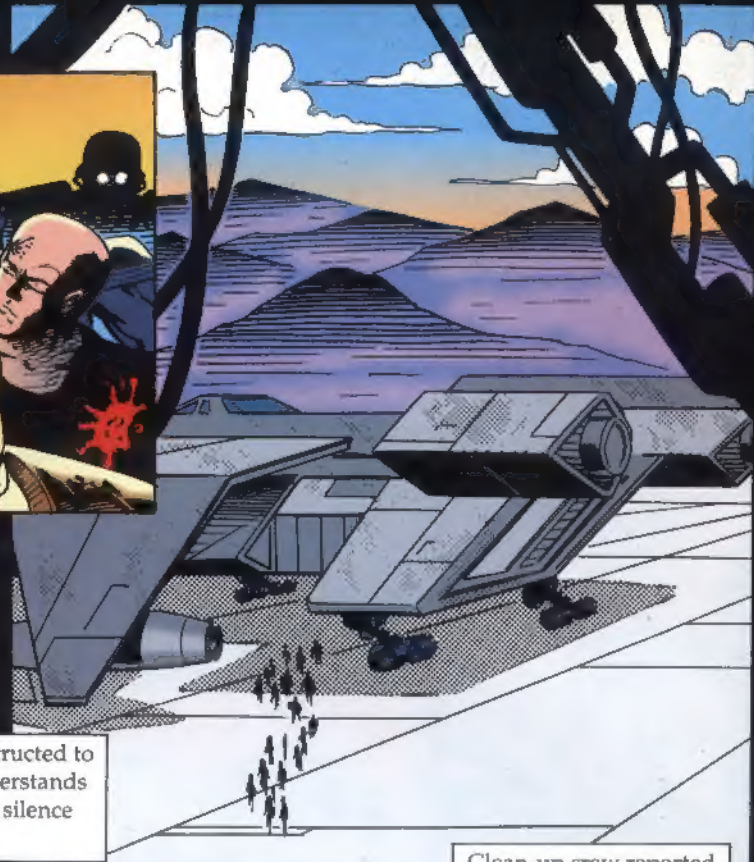




THOSE WHO  
ARE DEAD ARE  
NOT DEAD. THEY  
HAVE MOVED UP.  
THEY HAVE  
MOVED HIGHER...

Weyland-Yutani work  
correctional facility Fury  
161 is closed now, the sole  
survivor of the accident  
relocated.

He has been instructed to  
silence, and understands  
the penalties for silence  
broken.

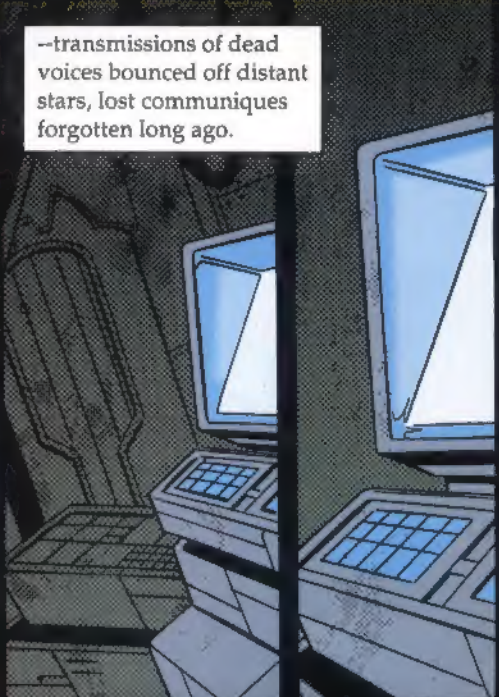


Clean-up crew reported  
hearing noises, but no  
source was found. Most  
likely a radio left on  
somewhere --



-- receiving white noise,  
phantom echoes --

--transmissions of dead  
voices bounced off distant  
stars, lost communiques  
forgotten long ago.



THIS IS  
RIPLEY, LAST  
SURVIVING  
MEMBER  
OF THE  
NOSTROMO.

SIGNING  
OFF...